



LADIES' VISITER.

"VIRTUE OUR PRESENT PEACE....OUR FUTURE PRIZE."

VOL. 1.]

[No. 9.

Wednesday, December 22, 1819.

FOR THE VISITER.

Grasmere---A Tale.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115.)

Danville received a letter from Mr. Eamontdale, in reply to one he had written him: he informed him all his friends were well, and extremely anxious for his return; but at the same time, wished him to sacrifice every feeling that would interfere with his duty towards his uncle; and he further added, that he must not neglect to be accompanied on his return by his friend Thornton, as the presence of that gentleman would be highly necessary to procure him a welcome reception from his friend Sophy. This letter was highly consoling to his feelings, from the general anxiety respecting him which run through it, and, combined with the recovery of his uncle, and the prospect of his speedy return, diffused a happy tranquility over his mind. He hastened to communicate the contents to his friend Thornton, and make him a partaker of his felicity: the event answered his expectations, for Thornton experienced little less happiness than Danville himself.

Sir Philip was by this time so far recovered as to be able to take the air in his carriage, and became every day more kind and affectionate to his nephew, whose unremitting attention and affection, joined with his amiable disposition and good sense, completely won his affections, that he had secretly determined not to part with him. Danville, on the contrary, was anxi-

ous to depart, and announced his intention to his uncle. The old Baronett was confounded. He remonstrated against it in the strongest terms. "What, (said he) now, when I am just restored to health and to you, am I too lose you. I had flattered myself that after being so long estranged from you, whom I always had a great affection for, by the coolness which existed between your late father and myself, now that those obstacles were removed, you would be to me a son, and smooth my passage to the grave. I have for you the affection of a parent, and would supply the place of one while living, and at my death, bequeath to you the honors and fortune that have passed to me from a long line of noble ancestors, being convinced that you are worthy to hand them down unsullied to posterity: and now you wish to defeat my intentions and hopes respecting you, and render the short remains of my life wretched." As the worthy old man concluded this address, the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks in torrents, and were sufficient to move a heart less susceptible than Danville's, who fell on the neck of his uncle, overpowered with grief and incapable of utterance. At length he was able to reply: "No, my revered friend, do not charge me with such cruelty; I would willingly sacrifice my whole life to render you happy and prove myself in some measure deserving of your unbounded kindness towards me; and wish the period may be far very far distant, that would remove you from this world: but, my dear uncle, my"—Here he paused: the idea of his beloved Adelia struck the tenderest cords of sensibility and choaked his utterance. The good Baronett folded him to his bosom with paternal affection, and begged him to proceed and state the cause that seemed to hasten his departure. "Although I am old, (said he) and have passed the hey-day of youth, yet still I can feel for my nephew, and make every allowance which you can possibly require: proceed then, without reserve—conceal nothing from me." Danville, after recovering a little from his disorder, disclosed the whole state of his affections and his engagements with Miss Eamontdale. He painted her own and her father's worth in the most animated and glowing colours, and assured him that any description which he could give, would fall far short of truth, and convey but a faint idea of the originals. "And now my dear sir, you will pardon the apparent haste of my departure, and not attribute it to want of duty or affection towards you.—Sir Philip paused a short time and then replied, "I can travel, my dear nephew, and though the journey is long, we can take it by easy stages. I will accompany you, and if I find this young lady as worthy and virtuous as you represent, you shall not only have my consent and blessing, but my fortune, if it will contribute to your mutual happiness." Danville, transported at his uncle's intention to accompany him and his friend to Grasmer,

returned him the warmest acknowledgements of gratitude ; Sir Philip hardly waiting till he had finished his reply, said— “ We will set out to-morrow—I will hasten and give orders for the necessary preparations.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We present our readers with the following article, which appeared originally in the Marietta Pilot, from a sense of its merit, and do not hesitate to say that it would do honor to the pen of a more distinguished writer than our unknown but worthy correspondent, CAUSTIC.

The Debtor.—A Tale.

“ Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bonds,
Thou but offend’st thy lungs to speak so loud :
——I stand here for law.”

MORTON was one among the many whom the present times have reduced from a state of affluence to that of poverty and want. He began the world like many others, with little ; but by industry, frugality, honest and upright dealing, he soon acquired riches. What use he made of his wealth is known to all who had the honour of his acquaintance. Suffering humanity never called at his door in vain : his heart and his counsel, his friendship and his purse were never withheld from those who stood in need. It was predicted by many that a too free and generous temper, would at last be his ruin ; and so it proved.—He became surety for BERNARD, a friend in whom he placed the utmost confidence : It is well known that he failed, and the bonds in which Morton was bound, were purchased by the usurious DEMONUS, a *Shylock* of the present day. He had long beheld the increasing wealth and fair reputation of Morton with envy, and for a long time, had sought the means of his ruin. The unprincipled miser chuckled in his heart, when he found himself possessed of the means for effecting his purpose ; but, like an experienced veteran in the service of mischeif, he did not at once come to an open attack, well knowing the high standing of Morton as an honest and wealthy person. Demonus thought it not unlikely, that among the great number of rich men with whom Morton had dealings, the money might be borrowed, and thus avert the blow which he intended should crush a worthy man to the earth : How well he effected his purpose, the sequel will show.—That there might be no chance of escape (for like the bloodhound, he had scented the game) he meanly insinuated that though Morton was reputed rich, it became prudent people to be wary in their dealings, for *all was not gold that glittered*, mentioning, at the same time, a much larger sum than the one that was really owing to him. Having this story well circulated, he commenced the attack by bringing

a suit ; judgment was speedily obtained, and the property of Morton was sacrificed at less than the tenth part of its value : Demonus was the purchaser : there remained, however, a considerable part of the debt unpaid. Men of generous feelings would suppose, that having obtained five times the value of his bond, he would be satisfied, and cease from further *persecution* : Not so, however, with this insatiate and avaricious creditor. Notwithstanding the tears of an amiable wife—the cries of his beggared children—the entreaties of friends, and the remonstrances of the officers of Justice, who are not generally on the side of humanity, Morton was forced from his distressed family, and cast into prison. How it is in such cases with half civilized nations, I cannot tell, but here—in this boasted land of freedom and civilization—the debtor is imprisoned in the same apartment with the thief and the murderer ; the blasphemer, the drunkard, the offscourings of the earth, are here made the companions of the honest but unfortunate debtor. No provision is made for his maintenance : the scanty pittance allowed to the *felon* is denied the *debtor*. The mind that is not altogether callous to the feelings of noble and liberal sentiments, would scarcely believe that Morton, the father of a family, the honest and upright citizen, was doomed to such a prison, and to be the companion of such wretches : It is, however, true—and that too at the instance of a villain. In vain he remonstrated—in vain he urged his claim to better treatment ; he was told by the savage Jailer, he would soon get used to it. The hardened criminals who were his companions, mocked at his sensibility : nods, winks, shrugs, and signs, passed between the knowing inhabitants of this sink of vice and villainy. Morton, however, was not one of those whose minds would sink into despondence ; he bore his imprisonment with fortitude and christian resignation, and as the day of his expected release approached, he anticipated the meeting of his wife and children with the most heart-felt pleasure : But alas ! the measure of his misfortunes was not yet filled—liberty was not again to be his lot in this vale of tears ! the insatiable monster, Demonus, filled his cup to the brim, and Morton was compelled to empty it to the very dregs !

The day for his liberation from confinement at length arrived : but he that had defrauded the widow and the orphan—he that spurned the hungry beggar from his door, and never gave aught in charity, could now gratify his malice, and give a fee to one of those limbs of the Law, as unprincipled and unfeeling as himself—to one who would not hesitate to send both body and soul to hell, if it were in his power, for money !—Objections were therefore made to his liberation, and the unfortunate Morton was remanded to prison for three months more.

The agitation of his mind at the gloomy prospect before him, together with the unwholesome air he breathed, brought on a burning fever. 'Twas at this period I stopped at the prison, and requested of the jailor to be admitted to Morton's apartment, for he had now, on account of his health, been separated from the criminals.—Here, in a small room of about ten feet square, lighted by a single window, grated with heavy bars of iron, I found the once wealthy Morton, extended upon the floor on a miserable bed of straw. The window admitted a few rays of the sun, but the sweet breath of heaven could not enter here. His wife, emaciated with continued watching during his illness, sat beside him upon a part of his bed for other furniture this room afforded none. Two little girls entered the room, the one about fourteen, the other about ten: they were both in tears. It appeared they had been begging for the support of their parents, but without success.

"My good friend," said Morton as he held out his hand to me, "how could you find me in this abode of misery? for none enter here but the children of misfortune. For me, it matters little whether I shake off this mortal coil in a dungeon or in the most stately mansion; but for these!" pointing to his wife and children, "Ah! when will the wicked forget that their father died in prison?—Death now is not the king of terrors to me: in his approach I'll find release from all my misfortunes; but Demonus, more insatiable than death, will continue to persecute the widow and fatherless."

"The picture you draw," said I "is too gloomy. Demonus's race is run—retribution will soon overtake him—the sword of Justice is even now suspended over his head by a single hair!—he has been indicted, and no doubt, will be convicted of perjury." I took my departure, assuring him of the probability of his speedy release, and bid him hope for future days of happiness.

On the following day I called again, but was informed that he was no more!—His spirit had fled to that unknown land from whose bourne no traveller has yet returned—to that country "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

CAUSTIC.

[SELECTED FOR THE VISITER.]

Biography....Of the Poet Cowper.

There are certain writers whose works cannot be read without a desire of becoming acquainted with the life and character of the author. We contract a friendship for him; we should like to see him in the familiarity of domestic life; we feel an interest in every thing that concerns him, and are curious to know the incidents of his life, which have imparted the peculiar traits of his temper and character which his writings dis-

play. These dispositions of the mind are the offsprings of a native love of virtue ; yet were we to become intimately acquainted with the lives and true characters of the writers, who have engaged our esteem and friendship, we should frequently retract our approbation, suppress the favourable sentiments we had formed respecting them, and wonder at the false display of virtue they had made. Who has exhibited more tenderness, feeling and sentiment than Sterne ? who appears more sensible of the exquisite enjoyment afforded by indulging *the charities of life* ? Yet, Sterne had a cruel heart : He could weep over a dead ass, but he could see his mother pine in want, apparently without a compassionate emotion, without making an effort for her relief. Not so the bard who has been called the last of his country.—Sorely did he lament the bereavement. Affection gave an impression on his character, which it retained all his days ; he expressed his grief with a tenderness and a pathos which cannot be presented to the mind of sensibility without awaking the most tender sympathy. Another incident must have had a considerable influence in forming the character of this amiable poet.—Early did he suffer from that passion, which is said to soften, to purify and exalt the mind. He loved ; his passion was returned, but the stern decree of a parent prevented a union. The insanity of the poet's charmer was the consequence. Many indeed and sore were his afflictions ; his sky was dark, his path through life was rough. Twelve long years did he suffer the anguish of despair. These circumstances, in some degree, account for the tenderness and sensibility which pervade all his works. Independent of the morality, the religion, the piety of the author of the Task, we must admire the powers of his genius. Few poets have afforded us so many different displays of their poetic merit. He is so grave and humourous, sometimes keenly satirical, frequently sublime. In the descriptive he is unrivalled. His touches of the pathetic are exquisite.

" England with all thy faults I love thee still,
" My country !"

This passage has not been noticed by the critics of Cowper. Yet no person of taste can read it without admiring its felicity. Never was the native sentiment of patriotism more feelingly and forcibly expressed. The soliloquy of Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) during his residence on the desolate island of Juan Fernandez, displays an uncommon degree of feeling ; thoughts that would not have occurred to an ordinary mind, contemplating a similar subject, with a singular attitude of expression. The two following verses are peculiarly happy.

I'm out of humanity's reach !

I must finish my journey alone !

Never hear the sweet music of speech

I start at the sound of my own !
 My friends !—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O ! tell me I yet have a friend,
 Tho' a friend I am never to see !

The singular temper of mind which Cowper possessed, cannot fail to gain our esteem and regard. The tear of sensibility will ever start at the recital of his calamities, but it will be dried up when it is remembered that his virtues and piety, his firm belief in the doctrine of christianity, are rewarded with celestial bliss.

On Benevolence.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all :
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tri'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismay'd
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

Poets may sing the valour of the brave ; genius may entwine the laurel of merit ; history may record the talents of the wise—the virtues of the great ; but be it my endeavour to show the character of him, whose life is marked by generous actions—whose door never closes against the wanderer—whose hands are always open to the relief of the distress'd, and in whose breast friendship may confide for consolation :—this be my theme. And, although no page of history celebrates his virtues, no monumental pillar records his memory, still my task is noble ; “the memory of virtue is immortal”—the reward of virtue is eternal.

Man is endowed by Heaven with many virtues, which exalt him high in the reputation and estimation of mankind ; but none more successfully so, than he whose life is distinguished for benevolent actions ; whose daily intercourse through its various pursuits and occupations, discover noble and worthy feelings, and which afford an example of the highest utility. Such is the

character of the truly great and generous man : a character which should excite us in the cause of virtue. With pleasure and astonishment we peruse the page of history, and observe the names of those who have been conspicuous for their valour and intrepidity, surrounded with unfading glory ; their course has been marked by the hand of desolation ; war, carnage, and destruction, have been their insignias of glory ; blood, rapine and distress, have been the attendants of their victory ; slavery, separation and cruelty have followed their footsteps ; extent afforded no limits to their ambition ; barriers presented no security from their violence ; supplications and entreaties found no entrance to their hearts ; ambition urged them forward ; the triumphs of royalty, the trappings of victory, adulations of mortality, to them were glorious rewards. But when compared with the glory of the man of benevolence, they sink into obscurity. No splendid palaces afford him residence ; no glittering throne adorns his mansion ; no triumphal pomp proclaims his entrance : his ambition is the amelioration of misfortunes ; his residence the abodes of poverty and wretchedness ; his occupation the relief of the distressed and destitute ; and his reward a diadem of immortal glory. Benevolence is a virtue of no ordinary nature ; it is in the possession of a few—happy, thrice happy, they whom benevolence owns as her votaries.—This virtue may be viewed in two lights : the first by which we avoid any thing by word or action, that may in the least tend to wound the feelings, or injure the character of our fellow mortals ; and, secondly, that which consists in bestowing pecuniary assistance ; both of which merit our respect. A man of benevolence is respected and beloved ; his actions applauded ; his example imitated. Regarded as the best of men, he passes through life with honour and distinction ; he dies lamented and leaves an example marked for every virtue.

“ Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heav’n commences ere the world be past.”

Literary Cabinet.]

CLARENCE.

On the Adjective ‘ Pretty.’

“ A young man,” says a critic, “ told me, the other day, that the verses of Mr. Gray, were ‘ pretty.’ They are more than ‘ pretty,’ I answered him—you are like him, who having for the first time in his life seen the sea, should exclaim—it was a *pretty* thing ! It was thus also a puny officer, in talking of the duke of Malborough, said, after the battle of Ramilie, he was a *pretty* man. The father of the young officer, who was pre-

sent, turned to him with an austerity in his countenance he was little accustomed to wear—"Are you a *pretty* fool *thus* to characterize the *greatest* man in England." The sterling weight of words is not always known to our juvenile critics.

Unity.

Look into private life—behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity ;—it is like the precious ointment poured on the head of *Aaron*, that run down to his skirts ; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses ;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give. It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry : in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it....it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion. STERNE'S SERMONS.

There is something so sublime in the writings of the author of the Sketch Book, we cannot refrain from occasionally making extracts. After describing the attachment of a poor and destitute widow for her son, his dissolution, and her attending him to that bourne from which none returns, the author concludes in the following manner :

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood ; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency ; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness. Oh ! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience ; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity : and, if adversity overtakes him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune ; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight ; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand,

lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquility of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and as the poor knew best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribband or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which granduer mourned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widow bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her god, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved at it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

[FOR THE VISITER.]

Letter No. 4.

Written by a Lady residing at C—, to her daughter in the City of P—

November, 1819.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

I received your's of the — ult. and was much gratified to hear of your welfare, and to find that the advice contained in my former letter, has not been misapplied.

You mention that particular marks of attention have been shewn you by Mr. B— and Mr. V—, both young men of good standing in society.—It must, however, be confessed that with the world, it is too common for riches to hide a multiplicity of faults.

In giving the outlines of their characters, you represent the first as a young man of ample fortune and handsome address, though upon more intimate acquaintance is found to be arrogant, haughty, and vain. The latter of moderate fortune, plain and simple in manners, of a sociable, friendly disposition, and religiously inclined.

I consider you, at the present time, too young and inexperienced in domestic concerns, to have the charge of a family ; but should you be otherwise inclined and disposed to favour the addresses of either, an adherence to the advice contained in my first, would no doubt, enable you to act correctly ; and merit should, at all times, have the preference. From the character given of Mr. B. the following extract from Pope may not be considered inapplicable :

“ Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man’s erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny’d,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride !
 For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell’d with wind.
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.”

With females, the choice of a husband is one of the most important steps of their lives—one on which their future happiness or misery depends ; it therefore becomes particularly necessary, in making choice, that prudence should be exercised ; they should be watchful in order to prevent captivation, as it were, by surprise ; they should at all times, exercise prudence and consult reason.

“ Reason progressive, instinct is complete ;
 Swift instinct leaps : slow reason feebly climbs.
 Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all
 Flows in at once ; in ages they no more
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
 Were man to live coeval with the sun,
 The patriarch pupil would be learning still ;
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearnt.
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun
 Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown’d ;
 If fit, with dim, illustrious to compare,
 The sun’s meridian, with the soul of man.
 To man, why, step-dame Nature ! so severe ?
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ?

Or, if abortively poor man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread ?
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?
 Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain ?
 His immortality alone can tell ;
 Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
 And turn the scale in favour of the just !”

YOUNG.

In all cases we ought to call forth our reasoning faculties—we never ought to be swerved by the impulse of the moment, but weigh well what we are about doing ; and if, upon solid reasoning, we find the method adopted proper and correct, then pursue it.—But with respect to the vain man, what would reason teach us ? Would it not dictate to avoid him as a character unworthy of our notice ? With respect to the tattler and imprudent man, would it not direct the same ? Can the man or woman who would act in conformity with the following quotation be a reasonable one ?

“Vanity and lies are often joined together by Solomon ; and what so naturally accompanies *vanity*, as *lies* ? The vain man’s aim is, upon all occasions, to appear *bigger than the life*, as the painters say ; and his immediate object, like that of Bayes in the Rehearsal, to *elevate* and *surprise*. For this sole purpose he will tell the most stupendous lies about himself, his family, his fortune, &c. He will sometimes go farther : he will also perform actions, from which even self-preservation should naturally restrain him : and I have seen an aspirant after this sort of celebrity, gallop on horseback down a flight of stone stairs, purely to make me wonder how he durst do it.”

And how many do we find who correspond therewith ! Such characters are unworthy of our regard. Reason would dictate to us to beware of impositions, to avoid calumniators, to listen to the precepts of virtue and religion, and to prove ourselves rational creatures, corresponding with the intentions of our creator in placing us on this earthly sphere. It must be self-evident to all, that we were not placed here to be mere nullities in creation, but to answer some wise and noble purpose, to fulfil which, reason is requisite ; and that being who falls short of correct reasoning cannot find happiness ; therefore to rational creatures, reason is every thing ; but to vanity nothing, because the vain are incapable of properly appreciating its value.

Now let us take a view of the character of Mr. V. in the light you have placed him—a man of probity, honour and correct principles. Such a character is worthy of our veneration, and such alone is calculated to constitute terrestrial happiness ; but at the same time, with all his virtues and his manifold good qualities, I would not constrain you to favour his addresses unless you are linked by a reciprocal attachment, corroborative of which I have made the following extract from Young :

" Celestial happiness ! whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit ; in passion's flame
 Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in reason, passions foe ;
 Virtue alone entenders us for life ;
 I wrong her much—entenders us forever.
 Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
 And emulously rapid in her race.
 O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity."

Sincere friendship is the commencement of pure love ; all else is but sensual desire. Unless connected by friendship, love cannot exist, and to constitute friendship reciprocal attachment is requisite, to produce which, corresponding sentiments are necessary,—these must be founded either on virtue or vice. Painful would it be to me to suppose that vice had any effect in governing you in sentiment ; but believing, as I do, that you endeavour to cultivate the principles of virtue, I shall rely on your choice of a companion for life being of a similar character.

Trusting that you will never be swerved by a momentary impulse, but that at all times, you will consult reason, by which means virtue will be pointed to as your guide, I close this letter, and commit you to the guidance and care of that omnipotent being who rules the Heavens and Earth.

Your affectionate Mother,
 Lucinda.

Seduction.

How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance !—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory ?—When villainy gets the ascendancy, it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him.

STERNE'S LETTERS.



POETRY.

Frederick and Alice....A Tale.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastens his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance,
On the scene of former pleasure ;
Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untry'd blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor and glade.
Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone ;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.
Mark her breast's convulsive throbs !
See, the tear of anguish flows !
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.
Wild she curs'd, and wild she pray'd ;
Seven long days and nights are o'er ;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.
Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides ;
Marking, blythe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.
Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour ?
Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears ;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.
Desperate as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides ;
From himself in vain he flies ;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
 Wild he wander'd, woe the while !
 Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
 Urge his footsteps many a mile.
 Dark the seventh sad night descends ;
 Rivers swell, and rain streams pour ;
 While the deafening thunder lends
 All the terrors of its roar.
 Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
 Where his head shall Frederick hide ?
 Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
 By the lightning's flash descry'd.
 To the portal, dank and low,
 Fast his steed the wanderer bound ;
 Down a ruined staircase slow,
 Next his darkling way he wound.
 Long drear vaults before him lie !
 Glimmering lights are seen to glide !
 "Blessed Mary, hear my cry !
 Deign a sinner's steps to guide !"
 Often lost their quivering beam,
 Still the lights move slow before,
 Till they rest their ghastly gleam
 Right against an iron door.
 Thundering voices from within,
 Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose ;
 As they fell, a solemn strain
 Lent its wild and wondrous close !
 Midst the din he seem'd to hear
 Voice of friends, by death remov'd ;
 Well he knew that solemn air,
 'Twas the lay that Alice loved.
 Hark ! for now a solemn knell
 Four times on the still night broke ;
 Four times, at its deadened swell,
 Echoes from the ruins spoke.
 As the lengthened clangours die,
 Slowly opes the iron door !
 Straight a banquet met his eye,
 But a funeral's form it bore !
 Coffins for the seats extend ;
 All with black the board was spread ;
 Girt by parent, brother, friend,
 Long since numbered with the dead !

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
 Ghastly smiling, points a seat ;
 All arose, with thundering sound ;
 All the expected stranger greet.
 High their meagre arms they wave,
 Wild their notes of welcome swell ;
 "Welcome, traitor, to the grave !
 Perjur'd, bid the light farewell !"

Anecdotes.

An Irish gentleman, wishing to show the excess of his con-nubial affection, thus addressed the sweet creature to whom he was linked for life by the chains of Hymen—"Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should ever *live* to see you a widow."

A preacher in Arabia, having taken for his text the portion of the Koran, "I have called Noah," after twice repeating his text, made a long pause ; when an Arab present thinking he was waiting for an answer, exclaimed, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

An English school mistress who had an obliquity in her vision, asked a child what S-E-E spelt. The child hesitated.—"What do I do when I look at you?" said the mistress.—"Squint," answered the pupil.

Aphorisms.

The utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life ; and she is to be praised, or blame-worthy, according as she fills the duties of a daughter, sister, wife and mother.

Though youth is the time least capable of any reflection, it is perhaps the only season in which women can advance their fortunes.

Flippant women love to associate with empty men, because such only keep their folly in countenance.

A single woman in a love affair, ought to fear nothing so much, as to be more in a man's power than her own.

Men profess themselves the slaves of women in order to become their masters.

Women love to be called cruel, even when they are kindest.

The highest and most extravagant compliments to women are generally made by men of the lowest understanding.

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM PEIRCE,
Marietta, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.
 (PRICE—One dollar for 13 numbers.)

